

PLAYED BRIDGE ABOARD GROUNDED TURRIALBA

Passengers Calm While Big
Waves Swept Over Decks
of Steamer.

AMAS SPIRIT PREVAILS
Captain of Brigantine Life
Savers Tells of Rescue
by His Crew.

Somewhere off Cape Henlopen, Del., from where the wireless call of the Turrialba, stranded on the shoals of Little Egg Harbor, first received answer, the United Fruit line steamer ran into a snowstorm at 11 o'clock on Monday night. Within an hour a gale was blowing from the northeast. The ship was seven miles from the coast. Sea Isle was passed without seeing light, then Ocean City. The sea was lashed by a northeaster, and the Turrialba, with Capt. J. M. Lindsey and Second Officer Pearson on the bridge, crept on her course. Words of anxiety passed between them, and within another half hour the steamer grounded, thirty miles south of her supposed position.

Shortly after the revenue cutter Seneca started for New York yesterday morning. The Sun man was put aboard the Turrialba via several lifeboats and a rope ladder swinging in a heavy groundswell. Capt. Lindsey was in his cabin writing letters after a continuous watch of about thirty-six hours on the bridge. This was his story:

"We grounded at 3:55 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. I had been on the bridge since 6 o'clock Monday and thought we were off Barneget. I blame the accident to the strong current. The gale, of course, was tremendous, but sea unbroken. There wasn't a light to be seen. The passengers were asleep, some of them thought we had reached quarantine. I remember just after we struck a man came to the bridge, asked the doctor of the revenue cutter he sent to his stateroom as soon as possible. I ordered him to his room for fear he would be carried overboard.

"My first order as I felt our keel was hard a port and next full speed astern. The full crew was summoned. I ordered the landings taken and the forward tanks pumped out. The first wireless message was sent at 4 o'clock.

All of the passengers did not know they were stranded. Some of them didn't know until the bugle called them to breakfast at 7:30. There was no excitement at any time. There was a leak. The list became very bad, especially at low tide.

Strong Current to Blame.
"What cause do you assign for the wreck?" the captain was asked.
"The strong current off Little Egg Harbor."

"Was your compass true? Could it have been inaccurate in any way?"
"I prefer not to say," was the reply.

"Were your reckonings true, Captain?"
"I prefer not to discuss them."

There were those on board who did not agree with Captain Lindsey in his statement that there was no excitement on board at any time. Members of the crew spoke of a rush for the wireless house by men and women from the promenade and saloon decks. Women appeared on deck in white faced and trembling, in nightdress and furs. Before the call for breakfast the wireless men report that their house was stormed by alarmed inquirers who braved the sea that often swept over the ship from stem to bow.

M. S. Goss of St. Paul, Minn., and E. V. Bourne of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of the navy and who gives the Sands River, N. Y. M. C. A. as his address, are the wireless operators of the Turrialba. Goss had turned in at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Bourne was on duty when the ship struck and flashed the distress for help. It was first caught by the Cape Henlopen operator, then by Sea Gate.

Bourne, spelled by Goss, repeatedly sent out messages telling of the ship's condition and giving her location as off Barneget. Before dawn the answer was received that a tug and cutter would be dispatched at once. This came from the United Fruit Company, and the word was given to the passengers at breakfast.

Wireless House Besieged.
Goss and Bourne were constantly on duty. Anxious passengers called again and again at the wireless house to learn something concerning the condition of the ship. They were referred to the case to the captain.

"We sent tons of messages for the passengers," was the comment of the two wireless men. "Most of 'em had the Christmas sound to 'em. Most of 'em were cheerful and if there was some care about ship most of those folks should be women. The wireless was in good order and working all the time."

The Turrialba was sighted in the dawn on Tuesday from the Little Beach life saving station. Three crews made an attempt to get to her. How two of them the Little Egg Harbor and Little Beach crews were tossed up on Little Beach has been told. What happened to the North Brigantine crew comes from the lips of Capt. John M. Holtzman of the Brigantine life saving station, the first man to set foot on the steamer after she was grounded.

"From Brigantine station we could see the waves smashing over the ship from end to end. It was dawn and there was a lot in the snow. I had a crew of five men. Jacob M. Riley, Lewis Smith, Harry P. Holtzman, Harry S. Higbee and Thomas C. Hickman. We got away in our power boat. The sea was never rougher. We got out our oars to keep warm and helped out the engine when she got stuck. We reached the Turrialba around noon, and I got aboard at 1:45. It wasn't an easy landing. It was a solid smoother all around the boat and bad seas.

"Capt. Lindsey didn't know where he was until I told him. He thought he was up at Barneget. But the shoals are on the north end of the Brigantine shoals just south of Little Egg Harbor inlet.

Rudder Carried Away by Waves.
"The sea was angry enough during the night after the accident to snap off the rudder. A propeller blade was gone, too. When the Brigantine crew came on board, at 2 o'clock, the waves were still high and were washing her over from end to end. The passengers? Well, they were anxious to get off. I didn't see any fuss. They just wanted to go home, Christmas like, don't you know. Here was a ship standing almost still, the waves pounding. She was changing her course a half point

or so, not drifting. Nothing to prevent her going to pieces. We stayed by her at the request of the captain and crew and of the passengers, too, I guess. Some of those passengers were willing to go afloat in the power boat, so anxious were they to get away. The list of the ship was bad, especially at low tide. With the change of the tide she didn't swing around more than half a point."

During the gale that rained the Turrialba on the Little Egg Shoals and raged around her all day Tuesday the only damage done to the ship was that to her rudder and propellers. One blade was broken and several showed gouging from contact with rock and sand when Capt. Lindsey gave his "Hard astern" and "Full speed astern" orders. The gale drove her up on the shoal full length and into the sand six feet, according to old seamen. Capt. Lindsey said yesterday afternoon that he expected to be off the shoal by dark. Members of the life saving crews said he was stuck for another day or two.

In arriving at the position of the ship on the shoal the life savers looked at the ship's quarter line. On the starboard side it was several feet clear of water, the water line being marked 26 feet.

Christmas Spirit Prevails.
With the coming of Christmas Eve a breeze off shore set in and passengers on the stranded ship were told that it meant a quiet sea for the morning. The Seneca arrived under dark and communicated by wireless. There was an easier feeling and the spirit of Christmas Eve set in.

"They played bridge," observed Capt. Lindsey, "and the old stories. They smoked and they sat up late and they believed they were going to get home for Christmas. It wasn't such a sad time out here, though we had been worrying." The captain might have added also that there was talk of the Titanic. Christmas morning beheld a bright sun, a pale moon nearly opposite. During the night the sea had quieted exceedingly. The earliest risers on board saw life saving crews from several points along the coast put out to sea. First appeared the Little Egg crew, then the Little Beach crew, the Atlantic City crew and Capt. Sprague with the life saving crew of seven from Beach Haven. The half mile around the Turrialba became populated with busy craft.

First offshore was the wrecked steamship. Next in the line running out to sea appeared two tugs, then the revenue cutter Seneca, and behind that another wrecking tug. The transfer of passengers began early, under the direction of Capt. Lindsey at the top of the gangway. Women and men and a few children went down the gangway, posing above the lifeboat and often landing in the arms of one of the men in oilskins. A mist hung in the sky, but the day was fair. There was no hesitation in taking to the boats. A heavy ground swell was all that remained of the northeaster.

All Passengers on Seneca.
Shortly after 5 o'clock the last load of passengers was moved out to the Seneca, a quarter mile away. Then the mail and baggage was transported. At 10:15 the gangway of the cutter was hoisted, the anchor weighed and the rescue ship began to swing with the tide. The crews of four life saving stations were close by. Passengers crowded the nearest rail.

"Whoreway," which came from a man in oilskins in the prow of the Little Beach boat. The answer came back, a cheer, a waving of handkerchiefs and hats, and the fifty-seven passengers of the Turrialba were off.

The departure of the cutter failed to detract from the activity of the dozen or more boats rising and falling with the heavy swells, working the stranded ship. The gangway was raised and the large was lashed to the port side. All arrivals then went up the ship's side by way of the rope ladders. From Atlantic City came a sail boat, from Tuckerton came private power boats, from Little Egg light came a yawl. The tugs and lighters came closer. The work of floating the Turrialba began.

The sides of the ship yawned and out came green bananas bunch after bunch. The steamer carried 35,000 bunches, and over half, perhaps all, were to be taken off by the dozens the bunches were lifted in saws, sails and lifeboats.

Capt. Lindsey said he had been with the United Fruit Line since 1908, when he was first officer on one of their ships. He commanded the Metapan before he took charge of the Turrialba, on which this was his first trip.

Police Inspector Hughes and Wife
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SAFE HOME FROM STRANDED LINER

Continued from Second Page.

there was no immediate danger for them and that they would do better by remaining aboard the stranded steamer over night than by taking chances in the dangerous undertaking of transferring them at night in such a sea.

His assurances calmed them, and a wireless message was sent to the revenue cutter saying that he and his boat's crew would spend the night on the Turrialba.

When yesterday morning dawned clear these of the night before had fallen and a moderate, easy ground swell prevailed. After the passengers had had coffee the work of transferring was begun. Five boats were used in ferrying the fifty-seven passengers of the Turrialba over the calm half mile of water to the Seneca. There were two boats from the revenue cutter in charge of Lieut. Lauriat and Lieut. Wisbar, two of the subboats from the land stations and one of the Turrialba's boats.

The actual time elapsed in setting all the passengers aboard the Seneca was three-quarters of an hour. By 8 o'clock every passenger was standing on the decks of the stanch little cutter and looking back over the rolling stretch of water to the vessel they were to leave behind.

It took more time to break out their baggage from the Turrialba's hold and put it aboard the cutter, but by 10 o'clock the cutter's own hold had the last sling of trunks over the side and half an hour later the Seneca weighed anchor and pointed about for New York, leaving the stranded steamer with her convey of steam lighters and wrecking tugs.

Once safely aboard the cutter and steaming on the last leg of their interrupted voyage the passengers' spirits revived tremendously. As each boat pulled over the water and drew alongside the cutter's gangway to deposit its load safe and dry the spirit of the occasion began to dawn on them and when every last one of them realized that they had got out of what looked like a nasty situation without wetting even a hair the trip from Barneget assumed the proportions of a holiday party.

The Seneca had been trimmed as usual with a Christmas tree on each end of her stumpy yards, the taffrail flagstaff and on the jackstaff. While the little cutter isn't exactly designed for passenger traffic, yet she is prepared always for such emergencies and her galley force pushed itself and turned out a lunch of coffee and sandwiches for all hands, and what any might have lacked was produced by diving down into hand luggage; and so there was no end of Christmas cheer, which lasted until the little cutter's powerful searchlight, designed for picking out of the ocean paths skulking derelicts, picked up the harbor forts and passed through quarantine up to the East River and the piers of the United Fruit Company.

Not a passenger left the pier until they had given the Seneca's officers a thankful good-by handshake.

PASSENGERS OF TURRIALBA.

All of the 57 Travellers and 18 Stewards Arrive on Seneca.

Following are the names of the fifty-seven passengers of the Turrialba who were brought into port last night on the cutter Seneca:

From Port Limon.

BARRON, MRS. N. L., New York.
BLINN, CHARLES P., Boston.
BURBANK, EDGAR E., Alton, Mass.
CLARK, SETH C., Brooklyn.
CLOUGH, HARRY C., Manchester, N. H.
HICKEY, THOMAS F., Brookline.
HICKEY, MRS. THOMAS F., Brookline.
HOFFSTEDT, JOHN V., New York.
HUGHES, EDWARD P., New York.
HUGHES, MRS. EDWARD P., New York.
KELLY, SAMUEL, Brooklyn.
KELLY, MRS. SAMUEL, Brooklyn.

From Colon.

BAQUERIZO, PEDRO, Guayaquil.
GALLARDO, ENRICO, Guayaquil.
GIBBONS, GEORGE A., New York.
GRIPPING, M. H., Danbury, Conn.
GRIPPING, MRS. M. H., Danbury, Conn.
GUERRERO, RAFAEL, Guayaquil.
HEALD, KENNETH C., New Mexico.
HOLMES, LEWIS, Keene, N. H.
HUGHES, THOMAS, New York.
JONES, ARTHUR G., Springfield, Mass.
MOORE, CHARLES H., New York.
MUTZNER, MRS. B., Riverton, N. J.
MUTZNER, MISS DOROTHY, Riverton, N. J.
MUTZNER, MISS MAXINE, Riverton, N. J.

MEXIAL, FRANK W., New York.
PARKER, HERMAN, Philadelphia.
ROSENBAUM, MORRIS C., New York.
SCHNEEBE, MRS. GRACE, New York.
SHENBERG, MRS. SARAH, New York.
SEIZ, CHARLES H., New York.
STANLEY, CHARLES, New Britain, Conn.
STEVENSON, ROBERT, New York.
TAYLOR, R. H., Switzerland.
WITKOR, CHARLES W., New York.
WATKINS, SAM, Riverton, N. J.
YORKE, EDWARD C., Newark, N. J.

From Kingston.

BACKER, CARLE, New York.
BONITO, RICHARD, London.
GLARE, THOMAS W., London.
HARRYMAN, CLINTON D., East Orange, N. J.
JOHANSON, PERVAL, Nice, France.
MACKEROTH, MISS ADELAIDE, Philadelphia.
WETMORE, ROBERT C., New York.

The cutter Seneca brought up no official word from Capt. Lindsey of the Turrialba, or any of its officers. Irving Cadmus, general manager of the United Fruit Company, was not at all disturbed over this fact last night after the Seneca had sent off her last passengers. He explained by saying that the young captain had enough on his hands and enough things to worry him to make an ordinary man sick.

The only word which the officers of the line here got from the beached vessel came through the air. A message received at 8 o'clock yesterday morning from Capt. Lindsey read as follows:

All passengers transferred safely to Seneca. Sending half waters, hand baggage and mail. Merrit and Commission (wrecking boats) arrived. Ship lying easy and making no water.

Another message that came at 10 o'clock said:

Seneca left. All passengers and mail safely transferred.

When the Seneca started for this port there was no one on board her from the Turrialba save the fifty-seven passengers and the eighteen of the stew-



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CUSTOMS MEN HOLD GIFTS.

But Englishman Is Permitted to Go on to Texas Friends.

Harry C. Roberts, a middle-aged Englishman, who says he is an "editor, diplomat and war correspondent," arrived on the Cunarder Lusitania on Saturday with things in his trunk and on his person that prompted the customs men to hold him and send to the public stores about \$200 worth of Christmas presents, which he said had been given to him to deliver to various persons in this city.

He was permitted to take from his trunk most of his personal effects and to go on his way to Texas, where he said he had promised to spend Christmas week with friends and relatives. Before leaving for Texas he gave bond for his appearance at the Custom House later to explain why he had brought in things that did not belong to him and why especially he had concealed some of them in his shoes and elsewhere.

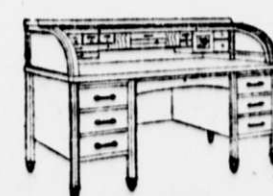
The stuff will be forfeited to the Government unless the explanation of Mr. Roberts is clearer than it was on Monday, when he was at the Custom House with his attorney.

The declaration attributed to Roberts in a story published yesterday, that he had brought the concealed stuff over at the request of society folk for presentation to friends and relatives, could not be verified through customs officials.

Mysterious Bullet Hits Milkman.

While John Brandmeier, a driver for the Borden Milk Company, who lives at 119 Halset street, Williamsburg, was delivering milk early yesterday in the neighborhood of Wall about street and Marcy avenue he was shot in the left forearm. The shot seemed to come from a house occupied by Italians, but the police were unable to find the person who had fired it.

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